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Toma . Dhu and I had splendid shooting, and an altogether delightful time that week Tomas was a capable gamekeeper; he was s rming, if you humored his little whimsies, and gave him his own way.

Tomas Dhu was born to be a storyteller or a sportsman. He invariably hit his mark in both. If poachers—but in particular the Red Poacher—had been the bane of Tomas's life, they at least gave him inex-

times startling yarns.

.-.d Tomas seemed to have begotten for the Red Poacher that homage which genius commands. The first year in which the unlucky red head of that arrant rescal dawned upon Tomas's world, he tricked Tomas into helping him—the red secoundrel -poach the land which Tomas was employed o gamekeep, and Mr. McCran of Belfast very saturally dismissed Tomas with twenty-four hours' notice. The following year the Red Poacher, to Tomas's genuine delight, poached the land again, with the able help of Tomas's successor, and of the London gentleman who

Tomas was reinstated in office. No one would rent the shooting from Mr. McCran, after these two seasons of ill luck. Mr. McCran, on the second year after, determined to take a few weeks' leave of his Belfast factory, and come down and shoot Meenavalla with Tomas's aid himself. The sequel was not pleasant for poor Mr. McCran, for while he lay in durance vile in a Donegal police barrack, with the awful charge of poaching his own land hanging over his head, the Red Poacher, who had coolly caused his arrest, poached the land with Tomas's aid once

"Tomas Dhu," said I, "that was the last you ever heard of the Red Poocher?" We were lolling and smoking on opposite corners of the hearth fire in Tomas's little but after a long and fatiguing, but goodremarkably good day's sport; and likew'se after a long and good-remarkatly gool-supper. Tomas, by way of reply, simply gave utterance to that peculiar grunt an indolent man uses to convey "I have heard you." And out of Tomas's impassive features I could not read anything satisfactory either. So, I repeated my remark in different style.

"I said, Tomas, did you ever hear enything of the Red Poocher after?" Tomas slowly lowered his gaze which had been following his smoke wreathes and halted, his eyes upon me.

When did you say it?" Tomas was in one of his captious moods, But I rather liked that, the complaisance he thereby exacted from you was generally forehand payment for a story.

Well. I mount that." "O. I beg your pardon. I thought ye were just offerin' me a bit of news tellin' me that. I never did hea of the Red Poocher afther. It's a good plan, young fella-if ye give news, give news; if ye ax questions, ax questions. 'I daresay you're right. Well, now, I'm askin' a question-Did ye ever afther hear tell of the Red Poocher?

"Well, I should think so!" Tomas Dhu lay back once more, and contemplated the curling puffs which he now sent up more thickly from his age-browned dudeen. I lay back and puffed as smartly, and contemplated, too.

Suddenly, out of the smoky silence, Tomas, when the spirit moved him, spoke.
"To me bitther sorra, I heard of the Red Poocher again. The curse o' Crummil be

him-an' the curse o' the crows." "Afther Misther McCran himself had been taken in an' so cru'lly misused, there was a great cry-out entirely all over the counthry The lintlemen enortemen there was no houdin' or tyin' of, to larn that such a vagabone was allowed at large and laughin' in his sleeve at them, at the polis, an' at the law of the lan'; an' the papers, too, all over the three Kingdoms took it up an' made the divil's own story of Irelan' being the quare place any-how, an' that nobody should be astonished at anything would happen in it. sure there was many's an ill-minded vagshone in all parts of the countbry that laughed hearty at the tarrible thing, an' sayed the Red Poocher was, by a lang chalk, the dhrollest lad they'd ever heerd tell of.

"But anyhow, the noise that was made over the counthry about it didn't help Misther McCran a little bit only what it hinddhered him. For whatsomwar chance there was of his gettin' the shootin' of Meenavalla let to some sportin'chap or other afore, there was sorra take the chance at all now. So nixt year it went vacant, an' nixt year again. an' the year afther that. Ivery wan of the years Misther McCran advartized the shootin in the papers on the lame chance of catchin some poor divil that didn't know its histhory. But farior! there wasn't a half-intelligent jack-day atween the four says of Irelan' -

by the lad himself. Anyhow, Misther Motran sayed we were going to put our best foot forrid this seison, an 'min back for Meens valls its good name an 'laine, an 'make it of some valuey to its owners, he'd come himself, he sayed, to identify Mr. O'Mara, so there couldn't be no mistake, and to give me diractions an' advice, an' likewise talk to the polis an' get them to keep purticular watch upon alcenavalia. I wasn't on no account to breatne a syllable about Red Poocher, or poochin' to O'Mara, laist we'd frighten the lite out of the poor divil, an' have his heels takin' near-cuts for the County Maith and his nittle egg-store again.

"Misther McCran made offer of very fine terms entirely to me, so, I threw up a job I had workin' a horse and cart for Owen aleily of scuflogue, son to out Owen, mrrcy on him, an come an took charge of Meenavalia.

"That was early in July. On the twel'th of August, to the hour, misther McCran an' Misther O'Mara with him, both of them havin' joined tog-sther at the Strabane Junction, was driven up till the door on Paudy Boyle's car, of Genties, an' I give them cead mille faills, both. Misther McCran an' from the top of the hill give him a look at most of it. Thrue, he didn't know much about grouse or game fowls—but he wouldn't be tired boastin' about the daith an' destruction he often wrought among the crows an' pigeons.

"I promised, if he could only manage to

at most or it. Thrue, he didn't know much about grouse or game fowls—but he wouldn't be tired boastin' about the daith an' destruction he olten wrought among the crows an' pigeons.

"I promised, if he could only manage to look level along the barrel of a gun. I'd mighty soon initiate him intil the mystheries of grouse-killini, an' he'd think crows an pigeons purtiklerly silly chiid's play atther.

"Red Poocher' niver crossed wan of our lips while we wor in his hearin'. But Misther McCran, afore he left went intil the poise burracks in Ardhara, an' read them a loctaur about the red filla, an let them know he'd hould them responsible if they let that highway robber an' cut-throat come slouchin aroun' his lan' wanst more. The sergeant of polis promised that a bee wouldn't buzz in all Meenavalia that saison but there wouldn't be a polisman at its lug makin' a note of it. Misther McCran laid on me as many diractions as would make a dixonary—an' then he went of contented.

"I was plottin' in me own mind how I'd keep Misther O'Mara from hearin tell of the Red Poocher, an' a purty ticklesome parable it was—bekase eviry man an' his mother, standin' within twinty mile of ground had Meenavalla an' the Red Poocher coupied together on the tip of their tonque. But, I might well 'a' saved meself the throuble, for behould ye! the very second morning he was there young Edward Mughan's son Jimmy, who had been at the office lookin' for an Ameriky letter from Francie (tood bliss the boy an prosper him), brought back a letther addhressed to Misther O'Mara of Maith, now shootin' at Meenavalla. An' when he opened it, I seen that he read it no less nor four times over, an aither the fourth readin' calls upon me, an' says he:

"Can,' says l. 'If its prent or nice writin'. "It's nicer writin' nor it's readin', says he, so far as I can undherstan' it. What does it mane?"

"It ke letther out of his han' an' read: "Lan,' seys hat Misther O'Mara of Maith stormed an' swore at both me masther an moself, I'm puttin' the case as calm as I can.

of him.

"Time enough till hallo, boys, when yez is out of the wood,' he says, 'An' them laughs last, laughs best.' All which set the English lads off in fresh kinks.

"An' when they l'arnt from Misther O'Mara "An' when they l'arnt from Misther O'Mara that he was an egg-merchant from the County Maith, an' that he had big practice shootin' crows an' pigeons, they went outside the house in reliefs to alse themselves of all the laughter was weightin' their stomachs, an' which they didn't want to laugh out intil

which they didn't want to haugh out inthis face.
"Well, O'Mara, he wished to the Lord he was safely through with his shootin', anyhow—an' he didn't care how soon he'd be finished, now that the dhread of that Poocher was heaving like a return root too."

but faired: there wasn't shall-intelliged by the Lord between the four stys of Iraian—that didn't know as much about Meenavalia an' the Red Poocher as Misther McCran thimself.

So the dickens as much as a tent of ink was wasted replyin' to wan of the advartisements. Then Misther McCran put the consarru up for sale, an' put it in the papers. But the divit reavive the man there was very min to come forrid an' offer pin as much as tuppence-ha panny in bad hat pence for it and the was well as tuppence-ha panny in bad hat pence for it and the was well as tuppence-ha panny in bad hat pence for it and the was well as tuppence-ha panny in bad hat pence for it and the was well as tuppence-ha panny in bad hat pence for it and the work when, on the fourth year a company of half a dozen young English bucks, not will also the county of Donegal. Intendit's both the county of Donegal. Intendit's both the county of Donegal intendit's both the profit besides of sellin them to London game marchants, an' tok the three shootin's that surrounded Meenavalia, the sorra wan' of money. It was unlocky, they saved, they do not be a surrounded Meenavalia, the sorra wan on any the second the second of the second of

O'Mara a good round mouthful or two of curses for Lein's od euced purtikier, with his polis pathrois an' polis guards. An' there was small doubt but it was this kept the rascal off.

"Many's the bit of a debate they all had about how the ked Poocher would 'a' been likely to have gone to work, if he had ventured on the lan', an' how they'd have nonpiussed him an' got hold of him, an' the way they'd have larked him, an' played him like a cat might a mouse, afore marchin' him into Ardhara polis barracks with a yard of rope decoratin' his neck. They would have had the dickens's own gay time with the buck, there was no manner of doubt, if he'd only been foolhardy enough to let his shadow fall on a daisy on wan of their lands. But they wor all agreed—an' Misther O'Mara with them—that the red rascal had method in his madness, an' if he was within a big radius of them he had tuk purtickler good care to lie very low an' sing very, very small.

"Well, on the last night of the shootin' we had a regular big jollification, all hands of us, I tell ye. An' poor divil, the Red Poocher would have found his ears burnin' if he had been within any sort of raisonable distance of us—bekase, there's no doubt of it we joked a fair share at his expense. An' small blame to us, seein' he made such an impudently bould start writin' his threatenin' notices to all hands, as if he was goin' to do the dickensan'-all, an' walk right over all of our heads.

"Far intil the night—or intil the mornin'—the spree run: an'—I'm half ashamed to tell it, but the thruth's the thruth—every man lay where he fell. The English chaps knew how to get round a quart of Irish whiskey about as well as if they had been broken to lift when they were on suckin' bottles, but they give in. An' when I give in meself, Misther O'Mara, an' Dan, an Tarance seemed as fresh as a May mornin', bad luck till then.

"The sun was purty high in the sky, nix day, when we seen this army crowdin' the kitchen.

"Well, what's the row, now? says we, when we seen this army crowdin' the ki

"I knew we were both in the wrong, I saw well at the masther, for not layin' a full programme of the whole case afore him earlier in the business; so I sat down an' smoked till O'Mara's win' gave out, an' he could barge an' abuse no longer. An' then he ordhered out wan of his men—he had two men with him—an' a thrap, an' tuk ine aiso, an' niver dhrew rein till he was at the Arthara polis barracks.

All outs' says they, lockin roun' asys they. "Are all of yez here? sez the Bergeant of the rein till he was at the Arthara polis barracks. An in the put the letther intil the sergeant of polis's hands, an' demanded their purtection. The sergeant read it, an' sayed it was duced cool of the red villant surely. But he toul' Misther O'Mara ait the arrangements he had made for polis pathrois to watch Meenavaila night an' day, an' he sayed if, from wan end of the shothit to the other a frog jumped unknownst, he'd be willn't offer him his head on a side dish. But, though, the sergeant's an and the state of the willn't offer him his head on a side dish. But, though the sergeant's an another of the willn't offer him his head on a side dish. But, though the sergeant's an another of the willn't offer him his head on a side dish. But, though the sergeant's an another of the willn't to offer him his head on a side dish. But, though the sergeant's an another of the willn't offer him his head on a side dish. But, though the sergeant wen give in to this.

"Front here he driv off, an' away to pay his respects to, an' have the commencement of want they offer he shall have the depression of the young English bucks who had taken the neglish bucks who had taken the neglish bucks who had taken the neglish bucks who had taken the neglishorin's he six lads of them ail congressions of the young Englishmen is well as he'd want they offer him cannot have the polis for purtection, they did laugh their hearty skinful, I tell you.

"O'Mara he wasn't more nor half-plaised that they'd make so light of the thing, an' of the should have liked by the s

AN UNEXPECTED CUSTOMER.

Jeweller Who Thought He Was Dealing With a Wayback Pearl Hunter.

From the Nashville Banner. They were ordinary looking countrynen, attired in the up-river country fashion, and would have been passed unnoticed by the casual observer," said a well-known travelling man to-day in speaking of a group of countrymen whom he met on a train en route from Memphis a few days ago: "but," continued the travelling man, "I was at tracted to them by their conversation, and so joined in and heard a good story.

continued the travelling man. I was attracted to them by their conversation, and so joined in and heard a good story.

"Hearned that the men were pearl hunters from De Kalb county, and they had been in Arkansas prospecting.
"One of the men, who seemed to be the leader, said he was a pearl dealer, and had been for years, but there was nothing about his general appearance to indicate that he was possessed of wealth, and this was no doubt the prime reason for his being able to play the unsophisheated ubuntrynnan:

"As I have said, the men had been in Arkansas, where they fished up a few pearls, and, in passing through Memphis thought thay would try the market in disposing of a few of them. They chanced to go into a jewelry store owned by a fat, sleek-looking man, evidently thoroughly acquainted with the ways of the world.

"My country acquaintances sailed up to this man and asked if he would like to buy a pearl. The man was willing, and my friend showed him a very pretty specimen, for which he wanted a couple of hundred dollars.

"Oh, no," said the jeweller, 'that's too much, I could not think of buying at such a price.' And by way of emphasis he said he had a much handsomer pearl for which he only asked \$300. He produced his gem, and my country friend examined it carefully and asked the German several times if he really would take \$300 for it. The jeweller assured him that was all he asked and would sell it to him for that amount.

"All right,' said the countryman, placing the pearl in his mouth and drawing from his wallet a roll of bills, counting out \$300 and throwing it on the counter with the remark that he would take it.

"The jeweller at once turned pale and began a protest that he was joking, but the countryman serier, and then the jeweller, and his client.

"The jeweller at once turned pale and began a protest that he was joking, but the countryman serier one of his partners out after a liwyer, to whom he stated his case, and the lawver, to whom he stated his case, and the lawver demanded that the lewelle

His Protestation in Vain. From the Philadelphia Times. "I don't believe you love me a bit," sobbed his wife.

"But I do, darling I—"
"Don't tell me. It's unnatural you should. No man could love a woman who wears such old hats as I do."

In such a crisis, I am resourceless. nature, essentially emotional, requires life, light, activity, scope, as evidenced by costly wines and eigars, rare viands and beautifu forms, to attain its full bloom. It lies torpid under a frost and so I consume myself with rage like a bear in winter quarters.

Adversity, on the other hand, is a spur to Smithers. Thrown as a child on the mercy of the world, and I don't know a harder pavement, he hustles instinctively like a vagabond dog. I, therefore, was not surprised that he was absent most of the time; but ob-serving, at length, that he left early every morning with a regularity as admirable as it was unusual. I summoned up sufficient affability to ask what he was doing.

"Wukkin'," he replied, "a cleanin' brasses and sweepin' out snipes from the main offloes of the Paragon Telegrap' Comp'ny." "You foel," I growled; for I realized that he couldn't make enough at any such work to keep us in the necessary cigarette, to say nothing of the luxury food. "Saftly, Jarge,"he remonstrated. "I don't

sutterfuge. Felks seem to have the idea that the telegrap' is so common nowadays more'n a new babby. That's right, too, for the most part; but thim that's sint in early marn or late at night have ginerally somethin' big behind, somethin' that might ease us along, Jarge, in our prisint stuckfast condi'tun; and that's why I accepted a men'ul posit'un. "

"Why didn't you take a night job?" I asked lazily, "and save your morning rest?"
"Becuz," explained Smithers, as he set forth to his new vocation, "becuz they puts fresh new blotters on the desks in the marp-

ing, which be night are crossed and recrossed beyond interpretatun." As I had nothing to do but think, it didn't take me long to understand this rather enigmatical reason, and so I was quite prepared, one our little shaving stand and then held in front of the mirror a blue blotter with but one impression on it. In a spelling-out way, peculiarly his own, he read from the reflec-

tion as follows: "Will meet you on arrival of noon train Thursday unless you wire to the contrary to-morrow. J. P. OLDCAMP. "There's nothing very definite in that." objected, "I know J. P. Oldcamp, of course, as one of the safest family lawyers in the State; but it may be his wife he's going to

meet "Or some odder man's wife," added Smithers with a grin, "but in this partic'lar instincts t happens he was moved by needer duty not inclinatun. You see, I noticed, Jarge, that referrin' to a letter which he stowed away in his left side out pocket. Wery well, thin; whin he got t'roo, I follered him into a car, and while he burried hisself in a newspaper busied myself with that same cut pocket And so arter a little I moved acrost the sisle car had been fillin' up all this time, but jest the same I managed to sneak into a seat on his right and slip the stiff back into his cut,

without his ever knowin' it had been gone. "Of coorse with sech a hurried readin' I didn't git more'n the gist, and that was a good deal, too, bein' as it was a woman's or But these are the essent'al facks as I digested thim in me mind: Miss Martha Crole of Medura is comin' to town with a bagful of negot'able bonds, part of the eatate of her diseased father, which she wants Ly'ar Oldcamp to conwert into specie and odder registered securities. And she never seen him afore, nor he her; but each was

recommended to the odder by mutocal frinds." I would have matched myself in those good days at grasping an opportunity against all comers. So, without further discussion, we set about evolving a plan. We agreed that Smithers should go at once to Medura, wire Mr. Oldoamp in Miss Crole's name that that lady could not come for a week, and then follow her to town on Thursday, so as o point her out to me on arrival; and that I, in the character of the lawyer, should meet her with a carriage, as if to escort her to my ffice. Of course, we had to assume that Smithers would pick up enough money on the way for current expenses, and that I would be able not only to get away with the bonds but also to get away from Miss Crole; but in all such adventures something must be left to that inevitable element of chance which alone prevents chess from being suc-

cessfully played by machinery. I had dressed myself that Thursday morning in sober garments, softening my natural listinction into a grave dignity; and so, no doubt, impressed the gateman as a counsellor learned in the law when, on my saying I wished to meet a lady client, he passed hie out on the Mattern. The trate werteed with promptness and I had picked out Miss Crole, even before advised by Smithers's thunib, as she came mincing down the path-

way in front of him. A lady of uncertain age was she, not averse adventitious aids to youthfulness. I cberved that she simpered as if from habit sign as encouraging as a flag of truce before the firing of a gun. Her simper said to the world, "I am waiting, love, for thee," as plainly as did the ballad which doubtless had a permanent place on her piano.

But a no less important matter than the capture of the bonds themselves diverted my attention from a subjective study of character. Miss Crole carried a small satchel of alligator skin; Smithers, who had gone away luggageless, pow sported a bag of like appearance and make. The scheme, which e had not only contrived but also rendered practicable was at once evident to me. I hastened to present myself to the lady as Lawyer Oldcamp.

"I hardly expected to see so young a man, she said with an approving glance. "Ah, madam," I sighed, "I feel my years when beside you;" and in that very moment I believe my conquest was made.

I proffered my arm, on which she leaned oquettishly. In my free hand I bore the atchel Down the platform we proceeded

of their men with us be way of excert to Giontile every evenin. An Lain, who must have
all and an's on a seprechain, he had so much
money, ever an' arways haited the funeral at
Jimmy Kinny's till we'd go in an' soke out
all than's on a seprechain, he had so much
money, ever an' arways haited the funeral at
Jimmy Kinny's till we'd go in an' soke out
all thirds.

"O' Mirra, when he had four or five days
practice, come to handle a gun like a man was
intended to become a good shooter, an' they
wan to more takin of pigeons an' crows.

"O' Mirra, when he had four or five days
the lads used in entry though, was that
the lads used in entry of the secondgame gene saiety of the querky lost all terror
of the Red Poocher, an' hadn't the grost of
another curse jest in his liver for that scoundiffit, it didn't seem to give any of the game grow withing a philosophical monograph on the
carry off every wing on his neignour's since.

"Och well,' he'd say, 'its each man cry
when his own cow's sick."

"But for that part the sorra much consarn
did the lied Poocher give any of the iads,
especially when they seen he iddn't turn up
durin' the first four or five days. An' they
were more zor half sorry he didn't, an' give
O' Mars a good round mouthful or two of
curses for Lein's or deuced purtikier, with his
polis pathrois an' polis guards. An' they
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were more zor half sorry he didn't turn up
durin' the first four or live days.

in the stress of this quandary, with Miss Crole looking inquiringly in my face, the regretful thought kept recurring that I was not working for myself alone, that even if I succeeded Smithers must have a share in the booty. Was there not some scheme whereby I might secure a title to those bond which nobody would dare dispute? Suppose should manage to restore them to Miss Crole, under circumstances which would add gratitude to her very evident liking? Why, in such a gracious light, my many persona advantages would make me absolutely ir-

Of course a wife, and especially an elderly wife, would be a hindwance and a clog to a man of spirit; but then a man of spirit would just as surely shake off a hinderance and clos But Smithers how about bim? To restore the bonds I must cheat if not betray him Blast Smithers! who cured? He had furnbled his part, he must take the consequences. I should look out for myself, as any practice man would.

"I beg your pardon," I said, suddenly rousing from my brown study, "I was hest tating between business and pleasure, and hang, I say: I can't spare a second of my time with you, especially as I have an ex-planation to make and a favor to crave." With that I helped Miss Crole into the carriage, instructed the driver to go around the park until further notice, sprang in beside

her, and then off we went.

I am not sure of just what explanation and favor I had in my mind, but I certainly did not contemplate the audacious course which a moment later I was forced to adopt. Through a habit which we all have, I looked behind me and out of the little window. The sight was most distressing. A cab was unquestionably following; and in that cab were Mr. Oldcamp and the detective. While I hesitated in the station they had compared notes and were now intent on closer knowledge. Let them advise Miss Crole of their suspicions before I could explain them in advagee, and all was lost. The case de-manded desperate romedies. I tried them.

"Can true love offend beyond pardon?" began; and then answered that interesting lestion in the negative, I went on to say that long had worshipped her, unknown and from a distance, kept from her acquaintance by designing relatives; and that, learning by chance of her journey, I adopted the harmless subterfuge of personating her lawyer. simply to express my undying devotion, devotion which asked nothing in return except to defend and serve her. After all, declared, the worst done was but a halfour's delay. The man should drive at once to Mr. Oldcamp's office if she insisted; and then we would part forever: I, with the inestimable memory of having met her face to face; and she with the knowledge which no good woman, however courted, however beautiful, could despise, that somewhere in the broad world there was a heart beating numbly yet loyally for her. And so on and on, & is Claude Melnotte at his worst. She made no outery for an immediate re-

doubtfully, shyly, hopefully, into my face, murmured that she could not understand. that it was all too strange. Under such enencouragement I moved closer, overturning the satchel, as I did so in my simulated eal. It burst open; the con neat package enough, but not the package Miss Crole had made of her bonds; so of course she screamed that she had been robbed. In an instant I was at her feet, soothing. entreating, protesting that now was the time for me to prove my love; that I already suspected the thief, and that it would go hard if did not recover her property and bring him to justice. And then I went on to explain how I had noticed a stoop-shouldered, red-nosed man get off of the very train on

turn, the poor old thing, but after glancing

which she arrived, with a satchel similar to her own, and make haste out of the station. Had she not seen him on the journey? Why. yes, she remembered; a man of that description had called at her house only the day before, and annoyed the maid with all sorts of impertinent questions, and it did seem that he had passed through her car. That settled it, I declared, he had doubtless managed to learn just what sort of satchel she would carry; had procured one just like t, and then made a substitution on the train.

Oh, the unspeakable villain, gloating, no doubt, over his craft; let him beware lest he he brought to a reckoning with honest Maurice Ruthven! And then, without further ado, I pulled the strap and ordered the driver to make all speed for the office of Lawyer Oldcamp. "Remember," said I to Miss Crole as we

alighted, "I am Maurice Ruthven, an old friend, who happened to meet you at the station," and though she did not reply I knew I could refr upon ben . And as we preceded up the stairs to the office. I with difficulty seeping my face straight as I thought of the amazement of Mr. Oldcamp and the detec-

Well, explanations were made on all hands,

and most satisfactorily, too. Vouched for by Miss Crole, I rose triumphant over the vague suspicions against me to become the ruling spirit in discussing the best way to recover the bonds and bring the thief to his deserts. It was I who brought Mr. Oldcamp to identifying Smithers as the man who had sat next to him in the car and whose conduct had put him on guard. It was I who suggested that if the detective went to Medura, he could doubtless find evidence that Smithers had not only purchased the satchel but also sent the false telegram to the lawyer It was I, finally, who, having first explained that my experience in the army and with the recruiting stations in the city had made me familiar with many rough characters, expressed the confidence that I could bring Smithers to some rendezvous with the bonds, if only my agency in the matter was kept secret. And so at length it was decided according to my will; and each went about his allotted task.

Of course, men working together in consatchel. Down the platform we proceeded to where the carriage awaited. Smithers pressed close behind; he tried to pass; he stumbled and jostled against me. In that instant of confusion the interchange was made and I had the pleasure of seeing him dart around the corner with the bonds in his undisputed possession.

The next step was for me to get rid of Miss Crole and then ho, for the pleasant land of shadows! Already I had framed an excuse for leaving her in the waiting room, while I sent an important despatch, when, to my dismay there at the very door, stood Mr. I will convert them into cash, my dear, "I will convert them into cash, my dear," I said, "which I will invest a feet due deliberation."

In a flash I understood the cause of his variance, which be had neglected to point to matrimony as a permanent state, I would like you more than pays for the ice."

The proprietor sat in front of this stove on one of the hottest days of last week, with his feet on the fender. A friend went in and asked him if he wasn't hot enough without stitling before a recollection of heat. "I suppose, said the proprietor," you are like everybody clse who looks in here and seek who looks in here and seek in look in the wasn't hot each lim if he wasn't hot each lim i stant complicity must have some rude sort

ask to have no more usselfish and devoted s companion. Wherever she is, may some to her reward.

We were waiting in the station for our train to start on that wedding journey, which was destined, glas, to an abrupt close, when curiosity led me to a little group of They were gazing in open-eyed wonmen. route for prison. A few qu'e; words and a quieter tip procured from the deputy a moment apart in which to ask my old comrade whether I could be of any service.

"Excuse me, Jarge," replied Smithers, with a dignity not unbecoming. "It's not the t'row-down I kick aginst. Ivery man to his natur', 'n yours has allus been more brash than square. It's not the five-specker I'm takin' (der: I hopes like anny ud ler old lag I ain do my bit without tarnin' a hair. But to t'ink that while I was in the pig you wudn't sind in to me a bunch of canned stuff or even a row of plugs; that broke my fat', Jarge, into bits too small for subsekent minden', May you not come to wuss luck for it, that's all I say." And with a shrug of disdain he rejoined his custodian.

It was too bad. I had lost a friend and incurred an ill omen through lack of a single expenditure. I ought to have been more politic, knowing as I did, how men of his class prize any such attention: but really, in the stress of social finition, fore unning so notable an event as my wedding. I had had no time to even think of Smithers.

"1800 AND STARVE TO DEATH."

The Year Without a Summer, Barring What Little There Was in December From the Boston Daily Globe.

There are few persons now living who recollect the year 1816, but European and inerican data represent it as having been phenomenal in almost every particular. In New England the year went by the name "eighteen-hundred-an-starve-to-death." and the summer months are known in history as "the cold summer of 1816," so remarkable

was the temperature.

The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat and all nature was clad in a sable hue. Men and women became frightened and imagined that the fire in the sun was being rapidly extinguished, and that the world would soon come to an end. Ministers took the phonomenon for the text of their sermons, and pseudo-scientific men talked of things they knew not of, while the fanatics took advantage of the occasions to form religious organizations. The winter of 1815-10 was very cold in

Europe, but comparatively mild in this country, and did not in any way indicate the severe weather that soon prevailed. Even the almanacs were stient, and although the usual indications, "about now look out for cold weather," or "this is a good time for snow were entered in the regular portions of the book devoted to the winter predictions, those used for chronicling the pleasanter months had no such alarming warnings. The people illowed their fires to go out, as artificial heat made the buildings uncomfortably warm. This pleasant weather was broken by a severe cold snap in February, but this low temperature passed in a few days and a warmer condition, similar to the month previous set in. March "came in like a lion, but went out like a lamb." There was nothing unusual in the climatic conditions of the month which differed from those generally found in the windy season. April was the advance guard of this strange freak in temperature. The early days were warm and bright, but as the month drew to a close the cold increased until it ended in ice and snow and a very low temperature. To those who delighted in balmy May days and loved to watch the budding flowers the May of 1stig was a bitter disappointment. True, buds ame but so did the froat, and one night laid ail vesetation a blackned waste. Corn was killed and the field had to be made ready for another planting, but the people's astonishment was complete when they found ige formed to the thickness of helf sn inch in the pools. June, the "month of roses" was this rear a month of lee and desolation. The coldest inhabitant was complete when they found lie formed to the thickness of helf sn inch in the pools. June, the "month of roses" was this rear a month of lee and desolation. The coldest inhabitant was eurprised for neves before had the mercury sunk so low in the tube in these latitudes in the law of the latitudes of the law of the latitudes of the latitud weather," or "this is a good time for snow" were entered in the regular portions of the

former, but on the whole the Southern cl'me was preferred.
July was accompanied by frost and ice, and those who colebrated the glorious Fourth not wisely but too well' found an abundance of ice handy for immediate use the next morning. It was not very thick, not more than one-sixteenth of an inch, but it was ice, and it caused the good people of New England, New York and some sections of Pennsylvania to look grave. That month Indian corn was destroyed in all but the most favored locations, and but a small quantity escaped.

Surely August would put an end to such cold weather, but the farmers as well as hotel proprietors were doomed to disappointment. The midsummer month was, if possible, more cheerless than the days already passed. Ice formed even thicker than it had done the month before and corn was so backy frozen that it was cut for fodder and almost every green plant in this country as well as Europe was frozen. Papers received from England stated that the year iste would be remembered by the generation then living as a year in which there was no summer.

What little corn ripened in the unexposed

then living as a year in which there was no summer.

What little corn ripened in the unexposed States was worth almost its weight in silver, and farmers were compelled to provide themselves with corn grown in 1815 for the seed they used in the spring of 1817. This seed never cost so much, being difficult to get even at \$5 per bushel.

The last month of summer was ushered in bright and warm, and for two weeks the new almost frozen people began to thaw out. It was the mildest weather of the year, and just as the inhabitants got fairly to appreciate it old Boreas and Jack Frost came along and whitened and hardened everything in their path. On the 18th ice formed a quarter of an inch thick and winter ciothing that had been that away for a few down was again brought forth and wrapped round shivering humanity. By this time the people had given up all hopes of again seeing the flowers bloom or hearing the birds sing and began to prepare for a hard winter. the birds sing and began to prepare for a hard

the birds sing and began to prepare for a hard winter.

October kept up the reputation of its predecessors, as there was scarcely a day that the thermometer registered higher than 30 degrees. November was also extremely cold and sleighing was good the first week of the month, but strange to relate, December was the mildest and most comfortable month of the entire year, a condition which led many people to believe that the seasons had changed about.

Of course, the cold spell sent breadstuffs to an unheard-of price, and it was impossible to obtain for table use many of the common vegetables, as they were required for seed. Flour sold in 1317 in the cities for \$13 per barrel, and the average price of wheat in England was 97 shillings per quarter.

COOLER IN A COAL STOVE. A Dey Street Merchant's Surprise for His Friends on a Hot Day.

There are storehouses in narrow streets downtown where the dust seems to have come to stay. In one of these places in Dey street is a stock of iron. The proprietor is one of the old school merchants of New York and has not deemed it necessary to keep up with the procession. Almost at the front door stands an old-fashioned coal stove red with rust. The proprietor sat in front of this stove on

one of the hottest days of last week, with his

AS TO SOME OYSTER SHELLS.

THE AMERICAN SAID HE ATE THEM AND BRITISHERS BELIEVED HIM.

Confessed Three Months Later That He Carried OF Shells in His Pocket, but They Wouldn't Believe Him-Not So Easy to Fool London

People About America Now. "The English people, or at least as many of them as we meet about London, are beginning to know us," said the returned trav-"Stories of wild red Indians on Manhattan Island and buffalo hunts in the adfacent territory don't go any more. Fifteen or twenty years ago you could stuff 'em with any kind of a yarn, if the scene was laid in the United States and the actors were Americans. Now you are apt to get laughed at if you spring any dime novel stories on the average man in the street.

"Once when I was in London on a business trip I was seized with a great longing for oysters. Visions of them broiled, steamed and on the half shell, such as I used to eat in New York, Baltimore and Washington, haunted me every time I sat down to a meal, but none of them ever appeared on the table English friends assured me that I could get them if I only went to the right place, but I never succeeded in getting any of these men out to find an oyster house on my own hook.

"In the Strand I found what I was looking It was a typical London eating house, but the sign 'Oysters in every style' reminded me of home. I entered and, as a feeler, ordered a dozen on the half shell. The waiter who served me was as solemn as a Bishop. The oysters he brought me were the smallest and meanest looking bivalves I ever saw. They had a shrivelled-up, forlorn look about them that was not at all tempting and there was nothing in the taste of them to remind me of the delicious Blue Point or the more

robust Rocks way.
"When I had finished eating them I thought it would be a good idea to carry away the shells to show to my friends at home. They would serve as a warning to any one intending to cross the ocean against oysters as they are served in England's capital. So I wiped the shells dry with my napkin and slipped them into my pocket.

When the solemn-looking waiter returned when the solemn-looking waiter returned to take the rest of my order he looked first at my plate and then at me. Then he glanced about the floor on both sides of my chair and finally stooped and looked under the table.

"What's the trouble?' I asked languidly.

"Beg pardon, sir,' he said, 'but what's become of the shelis?'

come of the shelis?

"Do you mean the oyster shells? I asked without any particular show of interest.

"Most certainly, he returned again poking his head under the table. 'Hit's most strange, whatever has become of them.'

"Nothing strange about it,' I said calmly, I ate them.

closely to slip the shells into my pocket. I told the proprietor that the English cysters weren't big enough to suit me. He offered to try to get me some of a larger size, but I wouldn't hear of his going to the trouble.

Every time he talked to me, and that was nearly every day, he managed to bring the conversation around to America in general and the devouring of oyster shells in particular. I found him to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence. Moreover, he possessed a fine fund of common sensa. But there was no yarn about America and Americans he wouldn't swallow without question.

"The day before I was to sail for home! went around to the eating house for my last visit and when I was going out I bid good-by to the proprietor. Then I put my hand in my pocket and pulling out the twelve identical shells I had taken three months before, laid them on the deek before his eyes.

"I couldn't go away without making a confession, I said. Here are the shells. I didn't eat them at all, but carried them away in my pocket."

"Well, what do you think? He simply wouldn't believe me. Neither would the waiters. They had all gotten it fustened in their minds that it was the custom in America to eat oyster shells and the evidence I produced was not sufficient to make them believe othewise. But that was a long time ago. I don't think you could make any one in London believe such a saie now.

A NEBRASKA PRESS GANG.

Scheme of Three Farmers for Getting the Harvest Hands They Needed. IANCOLN, Neb., June 27 .- Owing to the large crops the farmers in Nebraska and Kansas have to use all sorts of ingenious schemes to get harvest hands. Enterprise in this respect has brought three citizens of Waverley

within the grasp of the law. The three farmers were in the habis of lounging about the railroad station every evening between 9 and 10 o'clock. About that time a freight train came along and stopped for water. In the Lincoln yards before starting toward Waverley two accommodating brakemen always took great pains to leave one car unsealed. Into this tramps would jump. When the train stopped for water at Waver-

ley the farmers rushed for the car and setzed the lurking tramps. One of the farmers was a Justice of the Peace. First the tramps were tempted by offers of good wages to work. In case the tramps refused these evertures they were thrown into the stuffy jail and sentenced to a few days' hard labor for vagrancy. The labor consisted in shocking wheat for one of the trio.

The tramps were put to work under close surveillance, and when they finished their stint were allowed to depart in peace with full stomachs and a small sum of money given to them by the farmers.

full storeachs and a small sum of money given to them by the farmers.

Several of the neighbors were jealous of the three farmers because of the success of the tramp scheme and concluded to compete with the originators for some of the pauper labor.

One evening a few days ago the Justice and his two associates found two neighbors in possession of a tramp whom they had discovered in the freight car. The vaginant averted that he was from the shady precented of Chicago and declared that he would not degrade himself with farm labor. The two farmers declared that he must.

The three late arrivals with the Justice at their head demanded the tramp. Alexander Farwell and Simon Buskirk, who held the tramp, refused to surrender him. A fight ensued. Farwell, it is alleged, struck the Justice Then a frace-for-all fight followed. Farwell and Buskirk tried to defend their tramp. The trio of farmers were bound to get him. In the melies the tramp delivered a few well-directed but impartial punches at the combatants and made his seese to a lumber yard nearby. The Justice and his party discomfited the opposition and then captured the tramp. He was sentenced to ten days for disturbing the peace and listed for the wheat fields the next merning.

Farwell and Buskirk were not discouraged They made their way to the county Judge early the next morning and swore out war-

Farwell and Buskirk were not discouraged. They made their way to the county Judge early the next morning and swore out warrants for the three farmers, charging them with assault and battery. The trial will be held after harvest, and in the meantime the unfortunate tramp is the property of the man who can pounce upon him.